

March 2015

An elderly Chinese woman had two large pots, each hung on the ends of a pole which she carried across her neck.

One of the pots had a crack in it while the other pot was perfect and always delivered a full portion of water.

At the end of the long walks from the stream to the house, the cracked pot arrived only half full.

For a full two years this went on daily, with the woman bringing home only one and a half pots of water.

Of course, the perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments.

But the poor cracked pot was ashamed of its own imperfection, and miserable that it could only do half of what it had been made to do.

After two years of what it perceived to be bitter failure, it spoke to the woman one day by the stream, 'I am ashamed of myself, because this crack in my side causes water to leak out all the way back to your house.'

The old woman smiled, 'Did you notice that there are flowers on your side of the path, but not on the other pot's side?' 'That's because I have always known about your flaw, so I planted flower seeds on your side of the path, and every day while we walk back, you water them.'

For two years I have been able to pick these beautiful flowers to decorate the table.

Without you being just the way you are, there would not be this beauty to grace the house.'

Each of us has our own unique flaw. But it's the cracks and flaws we each have that make our lives together so very interesting and rewarding.

You've just got to take each person for what they are and look for the good in them.

To be continued in the next ...

Cheers Jody



NEWSLETTER

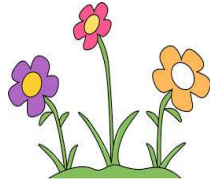


Greetings and Salutations

As I have been away this Share will probably be very short. I've not been made aware of any happenings.

Garden Lovers

This month the meetings will be held on Thursday March 26. The speaker, Darren Barwich from Peter's Glen, will be there with planter steps, hanging baskets, shade houses and archways. Among other things there is an outdoor cage for cats to play in. Come and join us.



Ladies Afternoon Tea

Approximately 40 ladies attended the 'ladies only' afternoon tea. Seated at the tables in groups of four, we discussed the history of our mug or cup. The tables were attractively decorated. Serviettes were printed with four butterflies. The main focus for the food for the afternoon tea was the Devonshire Tea.

Debbie opened the afternoon with a story of the teacup. Originally a plain piece of clay, it was shaped, moulded, fired and painted, worked on by the master potter until it became something of value and great beauty.

Some people shared their teacup story with the whole group.

One cup, saucer and plate was thought to be about 110 years old! Other cups had different stories.

There was a child's ornate cup with the words "remember me" on it.

World's greatest mum. Lavender farm souvenir mug. A bunnykins mug which was a gift to the owner when she was a newborn baby many years ago.

A mug that looked completely black, but when filled with hot liquid, became a picture of some of her grandchildren.

A souvenir Hickington millennium mug was one lady's reminder of where she was born in England.

These are just a few of the many there. All had a history that meant so much to the owner.

The afternoon closed with another story which asked: "Are you a teacup or a teapot?" Each attendee received a gift of this story to meditate and remind us of whom we are in God's plan.

Many thanks to Val who has been helping me with Share. I am very grateful for all your hard work.

Did You Know? Nursery rhymes we learnt as children had their origins in British history. While the words seem innocent, they often have serious connotations. Some held secret messages, reflected royal, religious and political events and propaganda. Sadly, and probably because of multiculturalism, nursery rhymes are being phased out of the curriculum.

*The Grand Old Duke of York
He had ten thousand men
He marched them up to the top of the hill
And he marched them down again.*



This rhyme goes back to the War of the Roses when Yorks were identified by the white rose and Lancasters by the red rose.

Richard, Duke of York, marched his men up to Sandal Castle, a good fortification high above the countryside. Despite having a good strong hold in a good position, Richard took his men 'down the hill' to make a direct attack on the enemy. He was killed in the battle.

Some Christian one-liners:

The Lord didn't create anything without a purpose except perhaps the mosquito.



When you get to your wits end, you'll find God lives there.

People are funny: they want the front of the bus, the middle of the road and the back of the church.